

**We repeat our expression of the Journal's National Policy. Annex Hawaii, secure bases in the West Indies, dig the Nicaragua Canal, build the finest navy in the world and establish great national universities at West Point and Annapolis. And we reaffirm our declaration in favor of the Jeffersonian principle of national expansion.**

## NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

### LITTLE MR. BAILEY OF TEXAS.

Appositeness of this comparison is not clear. Falstaff had his faults. He was a boaster, a swaggerer, a liar and infinitely impudent, but he had brains and wit. Mr. Bailey has given evidence of the possession of neither.

What Mr. McMullin doubtless has in his mind was the fat knight's false front to the Prince and Poles in that little matter of the Gadshill appropriation. "He and his deals with Speaker Reed," observes the Governor, speaking of Bailey, "have been found out, and I see little chance of his re-election as leader of the minority."

Mr. McMullin has had long experience as a member of the House of Representatives. He is a good Democrat and a level-headed man. He knows Bailey thoroughly. To know Bailey thoroughly is to be aware that a party which will consent to such leadership as he can give it insures its own continued defeat by deserving it. For Mr. Bailey at his best is a person of small mind and narrow sympathies. He has not the intellect to take large and comprehensive views of his country's destiny; he occupies a low plane and cannot see far. And as what Mr. Bailey cannot see he is afraid of, the future to him is as full of monsters as the sea beyond the pillars of Hercules was to the ancients who dwelt around the Mediterranean and hugged its shores. He fought the annexation of Hawaii, he is fighting the doing of our American duty toward the Philippines, and, presumably, the thought of the Nicaragua Canal and an increased navy scares him. He is no more fit to lead a great party in a new and great time than he would be to do what Dewey did at Manila. He is commonplace, petty and as timid as a rabbit. The mere fact that such a man should be seriously spoken of for the leadership of the Democrats in the House of Representatives is enough to discredit the party in the eyes of the American people, who have no use for leaders who are not man's size.

And in addition to his defects of brain and spirit, little Mr. Bailey is a jobber—a trafficker with Reed, the all-powerful Republican Speaker. That masterful autocrat, whose friendly relations with the Sugar Trust and the favor-seeking plutocracy in general is notorious, holds Bailey under his thumb.

This Republic will expand whether men like Bailey oppose expansion or not. To accept such leadership as Bailey's, or that of larger men who partake of his cowardice, would be for the Democratic party to decline to follow the example of Jefferson and to earn at the hands of the people a long exile from power.

The Journal will not believe that the Democrats of the House of Representatives can be guilty of the worse than imbecility of permitting little Mr. Bailey, of Texas, to figure as the party's chief in Congress.

### THE SNOW'S CHALLENGE TO SCIENCE.

Every snow storm that descends upon New York brings with it humiliation as well as endless inconvenience and serious financial loss. A deposit of snow that means nothing in the country half paralyzes and wholly disarranges the life of the metropolis. The complicated mechanism of a great city is affected as a watch would be by having sand thrown among its works.

Snow can be prevented from falling, but there ought to be some speedy method devised for getting rid of it when it does fall. That science has not yet come to our rescue is not creditable to the ingenuity of the Edison, Tesla and others whose specialty is the application of principles to the needs of practical life. In three years Colonel Waring spent almost a million dollars of the city's money in carting off snow from the streets—snow that would run away into the sewers if we could melt it. We can melt it in small quantities; why not in large? It is a proof of our scientific babyhood that year after year we are blockaded, besieged and bedeviled by a few inches of half-frozen rain.

But pending the appearance of giant lenses parading about the streets and concentrating the sun's rays on the drifts, or whatever means, mechanical, chemical or electric, that belated science may resort to, New York hopes that the city government will be equal to a speedy clearing of the streets by the old scheme of shovel and cart at this particular wintry juncture. It is a big job for the Street Department, but one that has to be done, and there should be no hesitation on the score of economy. The snow in the streets is an intolerable nuisance, and every procurable man and horse should be hired at once to take it away.

### NOT A QUIGG YEAR.

Works. George W. Aldridge has been a candidate to succeed him, but it is said that he will retire to prevent embarrassment to the Governor-elect.

The Republican organization is urging the appointment of Lemuel Ely Quigg, and Governor Roosevelt has not shown any indignation over the suggestion. In fact, he seems to be giving it serious consideration.

Mr. Quigg is a Platt underling out of a job at the beginning of what promises to be a very cold winter. It is necessary that he should be taken care of. Platt has found him most useful. When it has been thought wise for the Boss to take the public into his confidence the information has usually filtered through Quigg. His servility has endeared him to the Republican leader, and now, as in the past, the boss is ready to reward him at the expense of the public.

But what becomes of Governor-elect Roosevelt's theistic announcement that every appointee "must be as clean as a hound's tooth"? Does Quigg meet that exacting requirement?

What qualification has he ever shown for public station save his eagerness to do Platt's bidding? If Platt is the scheming, corrupt

"Let no peace be granted until the American flag is nailed to the flagstaffs of Porto Rico and the Philippines—not simply hoisted there, but nailed."—*Dispatch from W. R. Hearst to the Journal, from Santiago, June 27.*

### A POLITICAL BLIZZARD.



What Will Happen to "Leader" Bailey When Congress Meets.

and characterless politician that this community knows him to be, what manner of man must his political body servant be—one who fetches and carries for him, and delights to keep in motion the machinery that has ground out so much profit and fame for Platt?

Governor Roosevelt's professions of distrust of the machine would receive serious abrasion if he should surrender so early to the needs of Quigg and the demands of Boss Platt.

### THE STATE- MENT OF MME DREYFUS.

The statement of Mme. Dreyfus addressed to the American people, through the Journal yesterday is of absorbing interest. It is a clear, concise grouping of facts, given without passion or coloring. It contains specific answers to every charge brought against her husband. A judicial arraignment could not present a more logical or impartial summing up of every incident bearing on the case.

The belief in the innocence of Dreyfus, which is shared by every right thinking American, has been strengthened by the con-

duct of his long-suffering wife. She has borne her troubles with heroic fortitude. With admirable good taste she has not obtruded her personal grief. Her patient labors are at last in a fair way to be rewarded.

### AMERICAN DEMOCRACY IN TENNESSEE.

That was a significant mass meeting that was held at Chattanooga on Friday evening to discuss the question of American expansion. The citizens of South-eastern Tennessee were invited to meet, regardless of politics, and express their views on the national policy. At first resolutions were adopted denouncing the annexation of the Philippines and territorial expansion generally. Later when the crowd had increased a motion was carried to reconsider the adoption of the resolutions, and on the second trial the vote was a tie. The notable thing was that "those opposed to expansion were largely Republicans, and those in favor mostly Democrats."

And why not? It would be a singular thing, would it not, if Small Americanism could control the Democracy in the State of Andrew Jackson?

### GERMANY'S TIN JOSS.

An indiscreet American is in jail at Berlin charged with lese majeste. While dining in a restaurant with his wife he made some invidious comment on the German Emperor. An occupant of another table overheard this verbal assault on the sacred person of His Imperial Majesty and turned the offender over to the police.

The King can do no wrong. That fact is being impressed on the German people daily. Most of the prisons hold editors who have dared to grow humorous, or satirical, at the expense of the Emperor. Those of his subjects that do not like his spectacular reign must think their indignation.

How much longer will the patient Germans tolerate the tyranny of the imperious young monarch? Already signs of discontent are appearing. The Berlin Vorwaerts greets the Emperor's return from his trip to the Holy Land, made at a cost of 10,000,000 marks, with the impertinent query: "There is an Imperial Chancellor and there are Imperial Prussian Ministers, but who hears of them? We hear day after day of the personal acts of the Emperor, which, in general, pass for the acts of the Government. The Emperor is everywhere and the Chancellor is nowhere."

The editor of the Vorwaerts may find time, while languishing in a prison cell, to answer the disturbing question he asks. Nevertheless, he voices the growing sentiment against the Emperor's invasion of personal rights.

But to return to the garrulous American whom we left in a Berlin prison. He deserved no better fate. The freaks of the Emperor or the oppression of the German people do not concern him.

If he must free his mind on the subject of a nation's ruler, he should return to America, where he can not only have a voice in his selection, but can abuse him to his heart's content.

### DON'T GIVE THEM UP.

In the course of the year's foraging expeditions we have picked up two institutions that reformers have been trying for years to naturalize in the United States. We have annexed a postal savings bank system in Hawaii and a postal telegraph in Porto Rico. In part of our territory, therefore, we are marching with the world's procession instead of sitting by the roadside and watching our more progressive neighbors go by.

Of course there will be energetic efforts to deprive our new fellow citizens of these advantages. Private bankers will intimate that they are fully competent to take care of the savings of the Hawaiians. The Western Union will make an advantageous offer for the purchase or lease of the Government telegraphs in Porto Rico.

But these efforts ought to fail. Let us cherish our sample postal savings banks and postal telegraphs and study their workings. After we have contemplated them long enough we may be ready for the revolutionary step of extending to the Americans of the old United States the benefits enjoyed by the Americans of Hawaii and Porto Rico.

### A GREAT DANISH POET WRITES A GLOWING POEM TO NEW YORK CITY.

Holger Drachtmann is the greatest of all Danish poets. He has recently seen, for the first time, the glories of New York. So impressed was he with the vigor and beauty of the metropolis that he has written for the Journal the following stirring poem. It is the hearty tribute of a great poet to a great city:

(Translated from the Danish for the New York Journal by John Volk.)

EHOLD! She comes with stately, solemn tread!  
The sight of her inspires the heart and head.  
She gives the tradesman's soul poetic flight,  
And epic metaphors vanish in her light!  
The Alpine peaks—Napoleon's crypt—aye, Rome,  
With all its splendor 'neath St. Peter's dome—  
The great Manhattan overshadows all!

If songs like Holy Writ's came at our call,  
Condensed, and we could pile them to the sky—  
Then, lo! with one gigantic sweep we might  
This giant city place before our eye!

Here rolls eternal thunder day and night;  
By full steam throngs along are hurled;  
Here brain and wills are crossing left and right,  
With traits of every nation in the world.  
But you have gathered them, you mighty queen,  
As in a sanctuary where they might  
Hence, for all men's weal, as one unite!  
The lofty Goddess with her torch in hand,  
To flood with Liberty's bright light this land,  
Where each has even chance his way to fight—  
Where every man is every woman's knight!

Proud city—world—arisen from the sea!  
Yourself untrammelled, still to toil you're bound.  
What to your time is dead is dead to thee.  
The living only count; and hence around  
Thee youth in all its strength and freshness stands,  
While life hangs heavy on the old World's hands.  
'Neath burdens of the past it groans, despairing;  
To futures full of hope your sons are heirs!  
Look where you may, and lo! your place will meet  
With lofty palaces, street after street:  
Where 'em the tallest church spire vainly tries  
To hold its own in being near the skies.

Proud Queen of Labor! Great Metropolis!  
A stranger, I will sing thy praise, and this,  
My song, shall echo through the Northern lands.  
What thou art to the hosts of toiling hands  
Who to thy giant plans give birth—  
Thou richest bounty giver found on earth—  
To do thee justice, Queen, my voice would fail;  
But thou with longings prompted me to sail  
Across the sea to thy new firmament.  
Strength is thy beauty! Power an ornament  
That fits thy beauty well! Thy praise I've sung,  
To pay thee homage in my Danish tongue.  
Before thy feet I lay my song, the best,  
Manhattan! Radiant jewel of the West!

HOLGER DRACHTMANN.  
New York, Astor House, November, 1898.

### OUR GIRLS MUST SPRINT

IF THEY WANT TO  
GROW SYMMETRICAL.

### SUNDAY GAMES AND PLAYS.

ASSEMBLYMAN HARBURGER EX-  
PLAINS HIS PROPOSED BILL.



ASHION rules running again as the acme of sport for our girls. The revival of the Olympic games of Greece calls together the finest pacemakers of the world—Indian, Corsican, Bulgarian, Harvard and Oxford. Our men will not be a season behindhand in learning that running is an accomplishment is not far behind flying. He who knows how to run finds it hard to keep on the earth, hard to keep down those feet which feel winged at the heel like Mercury's. Professor Meyer, in charge of the physical training of the Naval School at Annapolis, finds that such thorough exercise increases height and creates symmetry, while it improves sight, hearing and all the senses. Women, too, wish to improve their height and symmetry and to have fine eyes. If running is the shortest way to these ends they will soon find they can run, and that running is the very exercise of all others for their sex. In no way besides can they so quickly gain the suppleness, the nerve and vitality which are their everlasting want. And when we have, as we already have, women who, untrained, can run a furlong without losing breath, and can run up hill and down for half a mile in the pure delight of movement, the rest will not long remain behind.

The question is, where shall they run? The streets are open to any sort of men who want to train for a cinder race or a running match, but a woman who ran five blocks would be liable to arrest for drawing a crowd and obstructing traffic. The Park Commissioner says there is no room at his disposal for such a privilege. Central Park is supposed to contain 800 acres, but 200 of these are water, and the walks are already too crowded for the people and the baby carriages who frequent them. Beyond, in Cortlandt Park or across the Bronx, the women who would like to try what running can do for them may find chances for a secluded sprinting track, and the Commissioner says they are free to take it. He further intimates that the best way to enjoy this peerless exercise is wherever in the upper reaches and wooded pathways of Central Park they come upon a vacant alley with no strollers about, to dash at the opportunity, and the Park police will not molest them. So much is a concession, and in place of walking barefoot on the dew or walking drenched over pavements, the women athletes will try what running can do for them as well as for Wausonia and her maidens. We can tell them. It will give those who persevere in it unmatched symmetry of form and perfect vitality, which includes clear color and sound nerves.

SHIRLEY DARE.

ONE OF MANY.  
He looking toward the piano—Do you play?  
She—Only just enough to make home unhappy.—Somerville Journal.

Editor of New York Journal:



storm of protest. It has, I have received so far more than a score of letters from persons as widely different as the sentiments they proclaim.

Clergymen, actors and managers of theatres, members of organizations for the advancement of religion, science and social intercourse, and plain citizens, representing nobody but themselves, have done me the honor to write to me.

As the writers indicated no desire to appear publicly, I must keep their names to myself. But I am pleased to be able to say that more than one-half of them favored my intention and complimented me on my boldness. The others displayed a stronger disposition to be vituperative than argumentative, and so I have ranked them among the narrow class who do not spend enough time in looking inward.

The clergymen among my correspondents have arrogated to themselves the right to control my conscience and my actions. They have demanded that I refrain from introducing the proposed bills, and have cheerfully informed me that if I insist I shall be damned. They present no reasons for occupying this position, nor do they apologize for thus taking upon themselves the prerogatives of the Almighty.

Though admitting that the character of my representations is of the people I represent must be low indeed if they think as I do. After complimenting me in this fashion, they solemnly ask me to save my soul by thinking precisely as they do.

Without betraying confidence, I think I can send this extract from a letter written by a reverend gentleman, who spends the entire hot spell abroad, and who is more familiar with the Alps and continental life than he is with the Tenth Assembly District, which is so unfortunate as to have me for its representative:

"It will take more than the puny efforts of a man like you," runs the letter, "to set the civilization of the nineteenth century back five hundred years. If you have

no care for your soul you ought to regard the souls of your poor neighbors. I call upon you, I command you to cease your efforts to replace the Church with sinful games and ribald entertainments."

Of course, there were no theatres for the common people, and no baseball five hundred years ago. Also education was not common, and clergymen, at that period, were either recluses or were engaged in other work than in suppressing the constant wars and never-ending bloodshed that marked that age.

Managers of theatres have applauded me, but, alas! this applause, I fear, was prompted more by a hope of gain than by any nobler motive. From the actors came letters which touched me deeply.

They have told me that they already work hard for small pay, and that it would be for them a heavier hardship than I could realize if they were compelled to labor seven days a week. The players who would have to play on Sundays are not the best of their class. Indeed, it is likely that they represent that class which would have to obey abjectly the orders of their employers or go without employment. I am sorry for those men. Their case may demand some sort of legislation in the future or the upbuilding of a players' labor union, or something of that sort.

Plain citizens have addressed me in various forms and plainly. Here is an extract from a letter of one of them:

"If it is your purpose to furnish Sunday amusement for the people on Sundays, I would like to ask you who is to be the judge of its innocence. The Church will oppose you, because the churches are opened on Sundays, and the idea largely obtains that at least one day in seven ought to be given up to a contemplation of the life to come. There may be many who do not care to indulge in this line of thought. Then this class should not be considered, and no plans should be laid for their entertainment or amusement other than to give them an opportunity for complete rest, bodily and mentally."

I had supposed that the target I am endeavoring to hit was in plain view of all the people. Let me set it forth once more and have done with the subject until after my bills are in the hands of the Legislature and the matter is actually before the public.

The Tenth Assembly District contains more foreign-born citizens than any other district in the United States. My constituents represent all nationalities, all creeds and all shades of political belief. The district is full of churches and the churches are filled with devout men and women on all the set and special days of worship.

There are also theatres and concert halls there, and miles of tenement houses filled with as industrious and law-abiding a set of people as can be found anywhere in the wide world. I have lived among these people all my life. I know their weaknesses and their strength, their loves and dislikes, their virtues and their follies.

Also I know that nowhere in this country, in comparison to the population, is there as little lawlessness and so much charity and loyalty and love of this country's flag as is to be found there. This district cannot be judged by the standard of pleasure that obtains in the section known as Murray Hill.

There the people have seven days every week for pleasure. To them toll is a stranger, and the giant son of toil is a spectacle to be sighed over perhaps, but certainly to be avoided. My people have to labor from early morning until evening six days every week. The reward of this almost ceaseless struggle is a narrow home with human bedchambers, plain food and a few bits of clothing.

To them the first day of the week is, first of all, a day of rest. They can rest better while they are being amused, and they can be amused without working any injury to the rest of the people of this great commonwealth. They have a right to seek amusement in any manner they please, so long as the manner is harmless. I intend, if I can accomplish it, to permit the doors of theatres to stand open on Sundays, and to permit the young men to play the national game on the only day which their poverty will permit them to play it.

I do not seek the enactment of a law compelling actors to act or young men to play ball on Sunday. This statement may come as a blow to some of my revered correspondents. I seek only legal permission for these pastimes, and I hope that the Eternal Father, to whom I will have to answer, will read my heart better than those who claim to be His disciples.

JULIUS HARBURGER.  
Member of Assembly from the Tenth District.

### HARD LUCK.

Philanthropic Maitron: It was poverty that drove you to drink, was it not, my poor man?  
Tufford Knut: No, ma'am. His mostly poverty wot keeps me f'm drinkin', ma'am.—Chicago Tribune.

### CARRYING IT TO AN EXTREME.

"Bixby is the most rabid anti-annexationist I ever met."  
"How is that?"  
"His wife had 'floating islands' the other night for dessert, and he wouldn't touch 'em."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.